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CHARLES C. RANDOLPH,
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PHOENIX, APRIL 6, 1899.

Furthermore, Colonel Bryan feels
that he couldn't eat \$10 worth of Jeffer-
sonian dinner even if he tried.

At this distance it looks as though
the Pennsylvania legislature were suf-
fering from the effects of a dislocated
conscience.

Aguiñaldo won't be as handsome
when this affair is ended, but just think
how his store of knowledge will have
increased!

The bottom of a Tennessee lake fell
out the other day. The same thing had
already happened to the populist party in
that state.

The Americans are not burning any
buildings in the course of their irresisti-
ble advance upon the Philippines. They
are there to save, not to destroy.

Expert investigation discloses the
cynical fact that while the new Easter
bonnet was simply great, it was still
several degrees less than the price.

It is gratifying to observe that the
British and German papers are carry-
ing the greater burden of the war over
Sumoa. We may walk off with the
bone yet.

General Sanguill is the type of Cu-
ban that Cuba has most to fear here-
after. The sooner his style of patriot-
ism is properly sized up and discounted
the better for the island.

Nicaragua has grown so tired of revo-
lutions as a regular diet that many of
her people are now vigorously agitat-
ing for annexation to the United
States. Next!

Mr. Olney's fine judgment is going to
lead him presently to pick up his presi-
dential boomlet and break it over some-
body's head if his fool friends continue
to shove it at him.

Prince Lowenstein, who was among
the killed in one of the recent battles
with the Filipinos, was shot while carry-
ing food to the American troops. That
man was fit, indeed, to be a prince.

An enterprising explorer has
discovered in Arkansas the ruins of a
prehistoric city which he says at one
time contained more than 11,000,000 in-
habitants. We suspect that man of be-
ing a professional census taker.

The American navy lost more men
in the rioting of its crews among them-
selves at Kingston than in the battle of
Manila bay and Santiago. You can al-
ways send for a coroner when Ameri-
cans attack Americans.

The more the men who are found to
strikingly resemble the president in
France the safer for the president. It
is always reassuring to contemplate the
possibility of mistakes when an assas-
sin is hunting you down.

Havana is to have a typical American
roof garden. Havana has always been
regarded as a pretty fast town, but
there are experiences ahead of her un-
der American influences that will cause
her to wonder at her old-fashioned
gait.

According to the latest quotations,
the cost of a Jefferson dinner ranges all
the way from \$1 to \$10, payable strictly
in advance. The supply exceeds the de-
mand somewhat, but prices continue so
firm that it is believed the market has
been cornered.

Possibly John Brisben Walker is W.
J. Bryan's official press agent, as he
claims to be, but the other fellows are
clearly unwilling to accept him as such
until he produces his credentials. Mr.
Walker appears to have lost his creden-
tials in the rush.

Germany appears to have about as
bad an attack of yellow journalism as
the United States, and, indeed, the
same is true of France and England.
The unenviable distinction is ours,
however, of having furnished the pio-
neers in that direction.

Happily the smallpox scare is dying
out all over the country. Modern sci-
ence has got the disease under such con-
trol that there would really be little
trouble with it but for the unreasonable
panic into which communities still suf-
fer themselves to be thrown.

ENGLISH CHURCH'S INTERNECINE WAR.

The strife between the Protestant and
Evangelical and the Catholic or Ritual-
ist parties in the Church of England
has reached a feverish stage, and
threatens the ultimate disestablish-
ment of the church. It must be borne
in mind that no such warfare would be
possible between the corresponding ele-
ments in this country. In England the
law of the church is a part of the law
of the land, and a bishop or priest who
breaks it is subject not only to the
ecclesiastical but to the civil law, the
privy council being the ultimate court
of appeal in matters of clergy discipline.
The Church Union, an organization of
the Catholic party, whose chief spokes-
man is Lord Halifax, seems disposed to
frankly admit this, and to take an at-
titude of open revolt with the idea of
forcing an issue that will lead to the
separation of church and state; for in a
recent publication the Church Union
says: "We have denied and we deny
the right of the crown of England or
the parliament to determine the doc-
trine, the discipline and the ceremon-
ial of the Church of England." * * *
What we do insist upon is that spiri-
tual things—all matters affecting the
cure of souls, all things touching the
doctrine, the spiritual discipline, and
the ritual of the church—shall be de-
cided by the church itself. It is the
old story of the religious enthusiast
flatly defying civil authority in matters
of conscience, and declaring: "We
ought to obey God rather than man; so
bring on your rack and faggots." On
the other hand, Sir William Harcourt,
the champion of the Evangelical fac-
tion, in a letter styled "Open Rebel-
lion," calls Lord Halifax "the ecclesi-
astical Jack Cade," but prefers his out-
spoken attitude to that of the bishops,
of whom he says: "But it suited their
purpose, partly from sympathy, mostly
from cowardice, to maintain or feign
an ignorance which absolved them
from action. Lord Halifax and his
confederates of the English Church
Union have delivered us from the min-
imizing cant of episcopal and minist-
erial optimism." * * *

GUNS BOOMING AGAINST APIA.

The news that our gunners and the
British gunners have been shelling
Samoan villages in the outskirts of
Apia, can hardly be described as unex-
pected, but it's distinctly unwelcome.
In one way or another the existing situ-
ation in those islands, with its con-
stant frictions and its occasional ex-
plosions, must be changed and amelio-
rated. The experiment of the triple
protectorate is a bad failure. The
Anglo-American version of this latest
unpleasant episode is that the disaf-
fected natives committed the first overt
act and made the shelling necessary.
Probably the German version will be
different.

Under some circumstances the break-
ing of that cockery in the German con-
sulate by a bit of shell from an Ameri-
can gun might have been a pretty
serious incident—purely accidental as
it was. The clatter of those unlucky
cups and plates might even have waked
up the dogs of war.

But fortunately there is every reason
for believing that nothing is farther
from Emperor William's thoughts and
desires at present than war with the
United States. All the same, though,
the present unworkable arrangements
at Apia—a makeshift at the best—
should be mended or ended, and the
sooner the better.

Dr. Watson, better known as "Jan
MacLaren," was in a railroad smash-up
in Kansas the other day, but he was
not injured the least. Several large
packages of dialect that he had in his
traveling bag were crushed out of shape
but that was the full extent of his loss.

Just as a man cannot hope for suc-
cess in business without putting out his
money, neither can a community hope
for development without putting lots of
good dollars up as an investment in the
future. Phoenix will need to remember
this fact. It takes liberality to build
cities.

THE SPRING NUMBER

The Phoenix Republican has issued a
twenty-four page page descriptive of
Arizona and its capital city. The paper
is a credit to its publisher and is sure
to be of great benefit to that territory.
—Albuquerque Citizen.

The Arizona Republican has issued its
extra spring edition. Mr. C. C. Ran-
dolph, editor and proprietor of the
Republican, is a hustling newspaper
man, and somehow manages to publish
the largest and most complete daily—
every day in the year—paper in Ariz-
ona. The Republican is doing excel-
lent service for Arizona and its people;
and, more especially, is its work pro-
ducing splendid results for Phoenix
and Maricopa county. "Tin horns" and
their like may and do ignore the press
when clothed with a little brief au-
thority, but that class of cat-in-hat
members that the press will still be
singing its little song when they shall
all be dead, buried and forgot-
ten.—Prescott Post and Drill.

The special edition of the Phoenix
Republican, published on March 31, was
a very creditable sheet. It contained
much which will make excellent read-
ing to the outside world, and will be of
inestimable benefit in an advertising
way to Arizona.—Jerome Mining News.

The spring edition of The Republi-
can contains a series of good contribu-
tions, but no more fertile in good
points than that by Hon. E. J. Trippel
on Tucson, which fills the full measure
of what could be stated in the space
the contribution occupies. Mr. Trippel
is a clear and strong writer.—Tucson
Star.

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Another of England's grandest castles
is about to be abandoned as a resi-
dence by its titled owner, for the new
Duke of Northumberland, who succeed-
ed shortly before Christmas to his
father's title and estates, has an-
nounced that on the ground of econ-
omy he will close up Alnwick Castle
and divide his time between Ashby
Park, near Guilford, and Syon House,
Brentford.

Next to Windsor Castle, Alnwick is
the grandest residential castle in the
United Kingdom. Its battlemented
walls being almost a mile in circum-
ference. Probably the most picture-
esque description of this ancestral
home of the Percys is to be found in
Beaconsfield's novel, "Tancred."

It is only in England that it is pos-
sible to find such a thing as father and
son competing against each other as
equestrian riders in a steep race.
This is what took place the other day
at Candown, where Sir Claude de Cre-
signy rode one horse and his son, an
officer of the Life Guards, another, the
son coming a terrific cropper over one
of the obstacles and breaking his arm.
Sir Claude may be desecrated as a
veteran gentleman rider in England,
and is one of those Britons who may
be said to have done everything and
been everywhere in their day. He
served both in the army and navy,
acted as war correspondent to a great
London daily, swam across the English
channel to France and crossed the
same strip of sea by balloon.

He holds medals for saving life from
drowning, is the champion amateur
boxer in the United Kingdom, has
achieved fame as an explorer, as well
as a first shot in the pursuit of big
game, and last, but not least, when
high sheriff of his county, took his re-
sponsibilities so seriously to heart that
he insisted upon being present on the
scaffold to personally supervise the
hanging of a murderer sentenced to
capital punishment by the assizes of
his county. He is the most intimate
friend of Lord Queensberry.

Talking of Lord Queensberry, I note
that his nephew, George Dixie, is about
to marry a daughter of the colossal-
ly wealthy Sir Alexander Jardine, who
acquired such an immense fortune in
the China trade.

George is the son of that Lady Flo-
rence Dixie, sister of Lord Queensberry,
who until about eight years ago was
perpetually before the public in con-
nection with one eccentricity or an-
other.

The last time I heard of her she had
just accepted the presidency of a
ladies' foot ball club, which she de-
clared to be the ideal exercise for a
woman.

Small feeling her on one occasion
playing cricket, she was put in to bat
and it was evident that the man at
the wicket was ignorant of her
powers, for he looked very patroniz-
ing and indulgent as he placed himself
in a position to bat.

The very first ball, however, sent his
middle finger flying and he was seen
to have a picture. He just looked
with amazement at the hole in the
ground from which the stump had
been bowled. And yet he was a crack
player.

When her turn for innings came she
was not caught out until she had made
a big score. In those days she was
a splendid runner, and could sprint miles
without becoming winded.

Lady Florence is not unknown in
this country, and has a couple of big
grizzly bears, shot in the Rocky moun-
tains, to her credit. She has also
killed big game in India and Africa
and was also the life and soul of an ex-
ploring expedition in Patagonia, where
she met with some very perilous ad-
ventures.

I believe she is the only white wo-
man who has ever attempted to ex-
plore that barbarous and almost un-
derly unknown quarter of South Ameri-
ca. Her reason for going to Patagonia
was, according to her own account, be-
cause it was an "outlandish place,"
and she was "sick to death of civiliza-
tion." Her party consisted of her
brothers, Lord Queensberry and Lord
James Douglas, the latter subsequently
committing suicide.

Lady Florence, although the wife of
a baronet and the sister of a peer, is
not in good odor at court, and is not
permitted to attend drawing rooms or
state entertainments. She accounts for
this ill-will and rigor on the part of
the queen by attributing it to a quarrel
which she had with the lord chamber-
lain's officials at Buckingham palace,
when she attempted to enter the royal
presence at a drawing room without the
feathers and veil which are de rigueur.
That is her side of the story.

There are others who ascribe the
queen's ill-will toward her to the ex-
traordinary showing which both her
husband, Sir Beaumont, and herself
made as witnesses in a very celebrated
divorce suit.

Subsequently the queen relented suf-
ficiently toward Lady Florence to make
inquiries after her health at the time
of the sensational attack to which
Lady Florence claimed she had been
subjected in the gardens of her coun-
try house, The Fishery, on the Thames,
near Windsor.

Lady Florence, who had just pre-
viously been distinguishing herself by
her attacks on the home rule movement
and by her exposure of the methods of
the land league and of the various
nationalistic associations in Ireland,
claimed that she had been suddenly at-
tacked at dusk by two strangers, who
attempted to strangle her, and were
only driven to flight by her great New-
foundland dog.

Curiously enough, Lady Florence's
mother, the dowager Marchioness of
Queensberry, is just as strongly in
favor of home rule as her daughter is
opposed thereto. In fact, old Lady
Queensberry is on record as having
subsidized a Fenian newspaper and lav-
ished large sums of money upon the
land league enterprise, and when
Talbot, the detective and informer, was
assassinated, presented a large sum
to the family of the murderer in token
of her approval. Lady Florence pre-
sents a sum twice as large to the
widow and family of his victim.

Old Lady Queensberry, let me add,
has become a convert to Catholicism
and has taken the vows and adopted the
garb of a Sister of Mercy. One of her
sons, Lord Archibald Douglas, is a
Catholic priest. One of her daughters,
Lady Gertrude Douglas, has just been

wedded to St. George Pitt, the noted
spiritualist, while her son, Lord Francis
Douglas, lost his life by a fall from a
precipice while descending from the
Mattehorn in the Swiss Alps. Of Lord
Queensberry himself it is unnecessary
to speak here, as he is as well known
on this side of the Atlantic as in En-
gland. He is a professed atheist, and as
such is debarred from taking a seat
among the representative peers of Scot-
land at Holyrood. He has advocated
polygamy from a public platform, and
finding it impossible to put a stop to
the disgraceful intimacy between his
son, Lord Alfred, and Oscar Wilde,
hounded the latter out of England af-
ter securing his sentence to a term of
imprisonment at hard labor.

Lord Queensberry's eldest son met
with a violent and mysterious death on
the eve of the day appointed for his
marriage, not only to this day knowing
for certain whether his death by shoot-
ing was due to accident or to suicide.

His second son, Lord Douglas of
Hawick, has thrashed in the street
for publicly siding with Oscar Wilde.
Lord Douglas is a frequent visitor to
this country, where his youngest
brother, Lord Stirling, married a Cali-
fornia variety actress.

Lord Queensberry is divorced from
his first wife and separated from his
second, and both his father and grand-
father met with violent deaths. In
fact, there is hardly any family in the
peerage of Great Britain that has not
perished so much material for a country
and for scandal as that of the Marquis
of Queensberry.—*Maquette de Fontenoy*
in Washington Post.

ROMAN EXPERIENCES.

Our party occupied two-thirds of the
diligence in which we made a part of
our journey to Rome, says Mrs. Julia
Ward Howe in the April Atlantic. My
sister Lila had her two little daugh-
ters, my youngest sister had one.
These, with my two babies and the re-
spective nurses, filled the rotunda of
the vehicle. The three mamma's occu-
pied the coupe, while my brother-in-
law, Thomas Crawford, took refuge in
the banquettes. The custom-house offi-
cer at one place approached with his
lantern, to ascertain the contents of
the diligence. Looking into the ro-
tunda, he remarked, "Baby baggage,"
and inquired no further.

We reached Rome late in October.
A comfortable apartment was found
for us in the street named Capo le
Case. A dandy brought my winter's
supply of firewood, and I made haste
to hire a grand piano. The artist, Ed-
ward Freeman, occupied the suite of
rooms above my own. In the apart-
ment below Mrs. David Dudley Field
and her children were settled for the
winter. My little colony was very
harmonious. When Mrs. Field enter-
tained company she was wont to bor-
row my large lamp. When I received
she lent me her tea-cups. Mrs. Free-
man, on the floor above, was a most
friendly little person, partly Italian by
birth, wholly English in education.

She willingly became the companion
and guide of my walks about Rome,
which were long and many. * * *
As Christmas drew near, my sister,
ever bent on hospitality, determined to
have a party and a Christmas tree at
Villa Negroni. This was then a new
novelty unheard of in Rome. I was to
dine with her, and had offered to fur-
nish the music for an informal dance.

On Christmas Eve I went with a
party of friends to the church of Santa
Maria Maggiore, where the Pope ac-
cording to the custom in those days,
was to appear in state, bearing in his
arms the cradle supposed to be that of
the infant Jesus, which was usually
kept at St. Peter's. We were a little
late in starting and were soon obliged
to retrace our steps. The highway was
a whole papal cortege came sweeping by.

The state coaches of crimson and
gold, and the Guardia Nobile with their
glittering helmets, white cloaks and
high boots. Their course was illumi-
nated by horns of burning oil support-
ed by iron staves, the spiked ends of
which were stuck in the ground. When
the rapid procession had passed on we
hastened to overtake it, but arrived too
late to witness either the arrival of the
Pope or his progress to the high altar
with the cradle in his arms.

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TREES THAT GROW BREAD.

The bread-fruit tree of Ceylon is
very remarkable. Its fruit is baked
and eaten as we eat bread, and is
equally good and nutritious. In Bar-
badoes, South America, is a tree which
piercing the trunk produces milk with
which the inhabitants feed their chil-
dren. In the interior of Africa is a
tree which produces excellent butter.
It resembles the American oak, and its
fruit, from which it butter is prepared,
is not unlike the olive. Park, the great
traveler, declared that the butter
produced any made in England from
cow's milk. At Sierra Leone is the
cream-fruit tree, the fruit of which is
quite agreeable in taste. At Table Bay,
near Cape of Good Hope is a small
tree, the berries of which make excel-
lent candles. It is also found in the
Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also
grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in
China. In the island of Chusan large
quantities of oil and tallow are ex-
tracted from its fruit, which is gather-
ed in November or December, when
the tree has lost all its leaves. The
bark of a tree in China produces a
beautiful soap. Trees of the spinus or
soap-berry order also grow in the
north of Africa. They are of small
proportion, and their fruit contains about
thirty-eight per cent of saponin.—
April Ladies Home Journal.

HOW TO ROAST BEEF.

Any cook knows that the secret of
roasting is the quick coagulation of the
surface of the meat, so that all the
juices are retained in it. If these
juices are allowed to run out in the
cooking the virtue is gone from the
beef, though the substance of the meat
remains. What is called beef extract
is not improperly so called. Though it
contains little or nothing that will
make tissue, it does contain the savor
that is not less essential and that has
its own place in dietetic, just as the
gravy has in many preparations for the
table, by means of which this neces-
sary element is restored to the meat.

It is a simple matter, and one that
will be generally understood. They ex-
plain why many families are ill-nour-
ished through bad cooking and also
why "beef tea" is so often disappoint-
ing as a nutriment. —Philadelphia
Times.

LITTLE FEET.

Dear little feet that lie in my hand!
Dear little feet from a far-off land,
Come to us, come to us, come to us,
newly
Out of a far-off fairy Thule,
You have run to us out of the Greater
Day.
Can you give no hint of the Winsome
Way?

For we who are grizzled and gray and
old
Would fain step out on the streets of
gold.
What was the way? What was the
road?
Was the pathway easy and smooth and
broad?

It must have been strewn with roses, I
think,
For here is their white and here is
their pink.

And forget-me-nots, and violets, too,
Have stained sweet lilacs of delicate
blue.
Yes rose-leaves white and rose-leaves
red
Were a carpet meet for your dainty
feet.

And forget-me-nots and violets blue
Lent you a hint of a Heaven new.
Tell us the way! Ah! Youth forgets,
And the dew soon dries on the violets.

Dear little feet, you will go some day
Down by a dark and a cruel way,
Along a path of country dim and far,
Where cool great waters and green
grass are.

But the way is sharp with many a
stone,
And, dear little feet you must go
alone.
And it's oh! that I might lay down my
heart.

To ease for a moment just one little
smart,
For my heart is tender and soft and
true.
And I would be as the silk rose-leaves
you.

As the rose-leaves white and the rose-
leaves red,
Warm and soft to your timid tread;
As the rose-leaves red and the rose-
leaves white.

To gleam in the dark with Love's own
light.
As forget-me-nots and violets blue
To keep you in mind of the Heaven in
view.

And oh! it would stretch for you all
the way.
On through the night, on to the day,
But, dear little feet you must go alone,
Alone, alone, and all alone.
—A. Mackenzie in Good Words.

ALL KNOWLEDGE IS BY CONTRAST

It is an undeniable fact that we can-
not know anything whatever except as
contrasted with something else. Says
John Fiske in the April Atlantic. The
contrast may be bold and sharp, or it
may dwindle into a slight discrimina-
tion, but it must be there. If the fig-
ures on your canvas are indistinguish-
able from the background, there is
surely no picture to be seen. Some el-
ement of unlikeness, some germ of
antagonism, some chance for discrimi-
nation, is essential to every act of
knowing. I might have illustrated this
point concretely without all the fore-
going explanation, but I have aimed
at making it the respect due to your
importance. I have wished to show
how the fact that we cannot know any-
thing whatever except as contrasted
with something else is a fact that is
deeply rooted in the innermost struc-
ture of the human mind. It is not a
superficial, but a fundamental truth,
that if there were no color but red it
would be exactly the same thing as if
there were no color at all. In a world
of unqualified redness, our state of
mind with regard to color would be pre-
cisely like our state of mind in the
present world with regard to the pres-
sure of the atmosphere if we were
always to stay in one place. We are
always bearing up against the burden
of this deep aerial ocean, nearly ten
pounds upon every square inch of
our bodies; but until we can get a
chance to discriminate, as by climb-
ing a mountain, we are quite uncon-
scious of this heavy pressure. In the
same way, if we knew but one color we
should know no color. If our ears
were to be filled with one monotonous
roar of Niagara by unbroken air-blast
sounds, the effect upon consciousness
would be absolute silence. If our pal-
ates had never come in contact with
any tasteful thing save sugar, we
should know no more of sweetness
than of bitterness. If we had never
felt physical pain, we could not rec-
ognize physical pleasure. For want of
the contrasted background its pleas-
urableness would be non-existent. And
in just the same way it follows that
without knowing that which is morally
evil we could not possibly recognize
that which is morally good. Of these
antagonistic correlatives, the one is in-
thinkable in the absence of the other.
In a senseless and painless world, hu-
man conduct might possess more out-
ward marks of perfection than any
saint ever dreamed of, but the moral
element would be lacking; the good-
ness would have no more significance
in our conscious life than that load
of atmosphere which we are always carry-
ing about with us.

Perhaps Aguiñaldo simply prefers to
muster off his army by the decapitat-
ing process.

Nature makes the cues
after all.

Now and then she gets
into a tight place and needs
helping out.

Things get started in the
wrong direction.

Something is needed to
check disease and start the
system in the right direction
toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-
liver Oil with hypophos-
phites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves,
feeds famished tissues, and
makes rich blood.

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BREAD, CAKES and PIES cannot be
measured by words. A guarantee
stamped on each article could not make
them any better than they are.

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some. The Cakes and Pies are crisp,
rich and of delicious flavor. Can we
supply your table?

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A PIPE DREAM

Has become a reality with SCOVILLE. He has just received a

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—and SEWER PIPE.

and, of course, has PIPE TO SELL. Better see him about it today
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